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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 7, 1904. NUMBER 19

## ONE LIFE, ONE LAW.

What do we know—what need we know
Of the great world to which we go?
We peer into the tomb, and hark:
Its walls are dim, its doors are dark.

Be still, O mourning heart, nor seek
To make the tongueless silence speak;
Be still, be strong, nor wish to find
Their way who leave the world behind—
Voices and forms forever gone
Into the darkness of the dawn.

What is their wisdom, clear and deep?—
That as men sow they surely reap—
That every thought, that every deed,
Is sown into the soul for seed.
They have no word we do not know—
Nor yet the cherubim aglow
With God: we know that virtue saves—
They know no more beyond the graves.

—*Edwin Markham.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

*Jenkin Lloyd Jones is planning to spend the month of March in the South, and Professor J. A. Gamewell, of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., will arrange his lecture itinerary. All applications for lectures should be addressed to him.*

# UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1904 NUMBER 19

Let no one sneer at the serious purpose of the Chicago Woman's Club to solve the problem of domestic service by more systematic training. "Of course they will not succeed." What if they don't? Success must come ultimately, and solution must come from above. Never will the servant girl be reformed or properly adjusted until the mistress is regenerated and ennobled. Most kitchens and dining rooms are as well managed as could be expected "under the circumstances."

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Notwithstanding the depressing conditions, a goodly audience gathered at All Souls Church last Sunday evening to listen to N. O. Nelson, head of the Leclaire Industrial School and Community, as he talked from the text, "Six Days Shalt Thou Labor." It was an interesting narration of a business man's attempt to make ethical his business and to compel commercial interest and social reform to go hand in hand. We are too pressed and depressed to undertake to give the gist of his interesting argument or to attempt an abstract of his most interesting narration. At another time we shall print some account of the school from his own pen, and we hope that our readers will grow increasingly familiar with the methods and the spirit of this man who, in the sharp and busy contentions of a large and growing manufactory, has come to believe increasingly that the brotherhood of man is a legitimate business proposition and that the Golden Rule is workable in business.

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*The Review of Reviews* for January calls attention to one phase of the social problem in the South too little dwelt upon, and that is the status of the "po' white trash." This class represents the thriftless, shiftless, unkempt, unemployed and unlettered contingency who have no stronge characteristic of any kind except their hatred of the negro and their ever-present vigilance lest they be made subservient to or in some way confused with the negro. The negroes, with all their short-comings and perplexities, "are becoming an organizing class among themselves. They have societies, clubs, and ever-present churches, while the very poor whites have nothing." This represents the saddest phase of the race question in the South—the painful reaction of unwarranted race prejudices upon the dominant race itself. Every violation of the laws of the State or of God promptly reacts upon the violator. Providence is as careful of the future of the trampled black man as of that of the trampling white man.

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*The Review of Reviews* for January has a series of studies on the financial and commercial prospects of the new year, one of which is devoted to a consideration of the "Good Times in the West." In a graphic way the writer pictures the growth of western finances. In 1896 a Kansas gold-bearing 6 per cent. bond was as difficult to sell on the market, to borrow the exaggerated phrase of a Chicago paper, "as stock in an irrigating scheme on the planet Mars would have been," while, within the last four years, five million dollars of such bonds have been refunded at from four to four and a half per cent., and agents are scouring the State for more. This is typical of the change in other States of the Middle West. "Tell it not in Gath and speak it not in Askelon," lest the West should again forget its prudences and lose itself in reckless confidences. The poverty of the West has never been the result of a scarcity of *things*, but always of the scarcity of *sense*. The speculative increase of property, landed and otherwise, has burdened the Western man with paralyzing obligations and covered the rich prairies of the West with sterilizing mortgages. If the Western man were but willing to be content with what he has and the reasonable profits that spring therefrom, and live in the present, the future would bring the blessing that has so long evaded his grasping hands.

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The *Literary Digest* for January 2 compiles an interesting set of editorial comments on Herbert Spencer, from the columns of religious papers. It is interesting to note how large the recognition is, notwithstanding an ungracious element of reluctance in this recognition. It is easy to say that Mr. Spencer's scheme was too ambitious for finite mind to accomplish, and that he failed in making coherent the acquired knowledge of man; yet the thinking world to-day not only accepts the coherency of the universe, and assumes its continuity, but does it with devout heart, with amplified room for trust and aspiration, and that is just what Herbert Spencer undertook to do. It is easy to say, with truth, perhaps, that Herbert Spencer is not much read to-day. Neither are the writings of Aristotle, of Kant, of Newton, or of Bacon. And still no one reads along the thought-lines of the world without immediate and direct indebtedness to these silent masters. None the less real is the indebtedness because it is largely unconscious, or even at times ungracious. Herbert Spencer, it is a brave and wise man who will books will not show much wear in the circulating library. It is enough that he has won a place in this list of masterful thinkers just named. Aristotle, Emanuel Kant, Isaac Newton, Francis Bacon, Herbert Spencer,—it is a brave and wise man who will venture to add a name to this quintette. Shall we call them philosophers? We are told that Herbert Spencer was not a philosopher. Very well, if the label does not fit it was because he was something more and not less.

"The great deed ne'er grows small."

This, our New Year's number, goes to press under the shadow of the greatest human affliction that ever shrouded the buoyant City by the Lake. There is no need of details, for the particulars of the dire catastrophe that occurred on the 31st ult. have been read with aching hearts in every home in the world within reach of the telegraph. More than twice as many lives were horribly sacrificed in a few moments in the Iroquois Theater as were lost in the great Chicago fire that reduced the larger part of the city to ashes in 1871. There is little we can add in an editorial way to the words spoken by the present writer to the stricken congregation of All Souls Church last Sunday, and printed elsewhere. The Iroquois Theater was new, and resplendent in one of the spectacular performances which proved an irresistible attraction to the light hearts of holiday week. The audience was largely of women and children. In a moment the beautiful picture of gaiety was converted into a horrible scene of death, the inflammable hangings of the stage making common cause with the fluffy drapery in the overcrowded seats. We can but reiterate the words of Sunday last: It is an occasion for benignant sympathy, for humble contrition, and a magnanimous withholding of the blame of individuals where the common blame is so obvious. The sins of the whole community, representing the accumulated carelessness to the prudences and to the protections for many years, were made manifest in an hour. It is a plea for the simple life, the controlled emotions. It is a rebuke for lawlessness, an overwhelming appeal for obedience. Because we persisted in violating the laws ordained of man and of God, we have suffered.

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Jean Cowgill, in a recent Chicago paper, has ventured to reveal some of the forbidding mysteries, or at least privacies, of the dance house in a large city. She writes discriminately, and shows how the innocent beginning whirls rapidly to the direful end. She pleads wisely not only for public control, but for innocent and benignant direction of this fascinating amusement. Not the dance, but the bewitching dress, the extravagant costuming and the superheated social atmosphere are deadly. And these temptations are active and persistent in the socially guarded and ostensibly select company, as in the freer going and coming of the public resort. This writer well says, "There is no use trying to do away with dancing. People have danced since their ears first caught the rhythm of music." She further says:

> There would be fewer Magdalenes if the churches would but look to the amusement side of life and stop the preaching when people don't want to hear. There's a chance to do a lot of good. Let some person with millions take it upon himself to provide a few decent public dancing places. They can be so regulated that admission to them is a guaranty of respectability. Older men and women should be there. There should be no alcoholic drinks. I can't for the life of me see why the churches couldn't establish this sort of a place.

When the church is strong enough to control the laws, to simplify the dress, to democratize the social atmosphere, to eliminate the age line and mingle the old with the young, then the dance will be legitimate, and not until then. For children it should be an afternoon and not an evening function; always it should be a family exercise allied to the gymnasium on the one hand and the musical conservatory on the other. Eliminate the fluffy, extravagant, oftentimes unhygienic, and, for our climate and standards, immodest party dress, and the sentimental simperings of social coquetry, which are supposed to be the mark of accomplishment on the dancing floor, and the danger of the dance will be eliminated. The "sensible" dance is possible only when there is a proper perspective of life's interests. We have over-emphasized the importance of amusement in the lives of young and old. Life is not made happy by frolics, as the study of the life and the faces of the serene ones within the circle of our own acquaintance or on the larger page of history clearly proves.

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## "The Simple Life."

Life has become a tumult. The average man and woman are enmeshed in a complication of wants, necessities and confusions, like a fly in a web. The mere struggle for existence has become woefully complicated. Business has taken on such complexities as to rob it of pleasure and threaten it with constant uncertainty. We have become complex in our pleasures. Simple entertainment no longer satisfies. The stage, the press, art, fiction and music are all in a mad rush to create or find new sensations for a restless, dissatisfied patronage, burdened with many cares and oppressed by an indescribable ennui. We are a restless multitude in search of something new, but from a less worthy motive than characterized the truth-seeking Athenians.

Our lack of simplicity in pleasures is quite equaled by our lack of simplicity in dress. More of life's happiness depends upon clothes than we dream of. Carlyle thought them of sufficient importance to write a book about. If clothes alone give happiness, how happy we ought to be, for we are a much overdressed people. Simple, tasteful dress scarcely exists any more. The sin against the Holy Ghost is nothing compared with being destitute of the various suits in the various styles prescribed by the latest convention of clothes makers. In fact, turn where you will, life is all complexity, confusion, tumult, lacking in the calm dignity and the serene happiness of the days of our forefathers.

Life is characterized by a complexity of wants and requirements which would have made our good dames and squires of ye olden time stare indeed. Many of these wants are legitimate and indicate a real growth in refinement and culture. That a man wants to eat with a fork, and have table-cloths, wants a carpet on the floor, a curtain at the window, a few good pictures and books, a comfortable home, an education for his children, an extra suit for Sunday or visiting, all these are increased wants which justify themselves. But our modern life does not stop there. We are mad over superfluous wants. We are in full chase after things we do not need. The things people worry about most are not the necessary things, not even essential things. Now what is the result of all this? First, there is no real and genuine happiness in it. No one contends that life is happier under our new conditions than it was

in the days of simple tastes and practices. Everyone has a look of care. Our women are not rosy and contented looking, our young men breed wrinkles early. Increase of appetite doth grow by what it feeds upon. The more we have of this artificial, everstimulating side of life, the more we want. There is no content anywhere. The age is a Tantalus, thirsting but never satisfied, hungry but never sufficiently fed. We are feverish with an artificial thirst. The most of our social strifes and struggles are Sisyphus tasks. One thing is certain, our modern life has not brought happiness. Half of those who are trying to make the world think, and themselves as well, that they are happy, are like players on a stage, there is no mirth in their laughter.

This artificial complexity of life does worse things. It destroys our individuality, it forces us into a procession where, like a lot of social convicts manacled with the chains of stereotyped forms, we travel in lock step with the crowd. In actions we consult and follow our individual tastes at our peril, even when those tastes are proper enough. In dress we are automatons, prancing at the nod of tailor, dressmaker or milliner. If the milliner says hats up, the average woman turns hats up. If the milliner says hats down, down they go. If our tailor says a long coat is the thing, we wear a long coat though the heavens fall, and vice versa. A dress suit before six o'clock is a scandal, anything else after six is a crime. And so it goes. The men and women who dress to suit themselves and be comfortable, are freaks and shown no mercy. In fact, the man or woman who lives life simply, naturally and individually is set down as one of Nordeau's degenerates.

But this artificial life does worse things still. It is the cause of a good part of our dishonesties. First, it makes us pretend to be what we are not. To keep up appearances, people wear clothes which they have not paid for and cannot afford. To march with the procession, people eat food for which they have not paid the grocer, live in houses with rent in arrears, affect a style of life and living they have no visible means of supporting. The cheapest hypocrite is the hypocrite for appearances' sake. But that is not the worst of it. Living at our present pace is responsible for most of our modern crime. From the snare of small debts, brought on by expensive living, many a man seeks to escape by certain speculations and finally by certain peculations.

Note here that the things men steal for and gamble for are not necessary things as a usual thing. There are few Jean Valjeans who steal bread to keep a sister and her children alive. Only now and then is a man a thief for necessities' sake. But always for the things he could do without and oftentimes would be better off without. Your young desperadoes of the Indiana dugout have not stolen and murdered for the necessities or the essentials of life, but for its unwholesome superfluities. Your young man following the races does so partly from love of adventure, chiefly because he wants money to provide himself with some fancied but unreal need in clothes or pleasure. So our whole system of ethics is changing. The right is "to get there," wrong is "to fail." The dollar covers a multitude of sins, while virtue in plain clothes is set down as a fake.

How tired and sick everyone is of it all, is shown by our annual summer and winter migrations to quiet places where we put on patched pants, and enjoy life in our shirt sleeves, live in board cottages on wholesome food, rise late and retire early, and live for a few weeks like the human animals we are. We cannot go back to the outward simplicities of former days. It may be desirable, but it is not possible. But we can cultivate the spirit of simplicity, live within our means, follow our own tastes, wrest more of joy from life than we do, and act like sane human beings, instead of the crazy, jaded, overworked, overplayed, overdressed set we are.

R. A. WHITE.

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## Our Winter Cheer.

When the fire of life burns low,
And the darkness gathers round;
When descends the drifting snow,
And the winter wild is found,—
Bring the wood to feed the fire,
Let your hope as logs be cast,
Quicken embers of desire,
Love the future as the past!

This our world is but one world,
If we live with patience pure,
All of good is oft unfurled,
All of beauty must endure;
See old friends anear you now,
None are dead and none are lost,
Love them still, as hearts know how,
Have no care for cold and frost!

Call to mind all memories dear,
Happy scenes of long ago,
Do it all without a fear,
Glad at heart such joy to know;
Then have vision bright and blest—
Of like blessing yet to be;
Many a bird shall build its nest
In the future's blossomed tree!

When the fire of life burns low,
When the somber shadows fall,
Stir the fire unto a glow,
Let its flames new pictures call;
Pile the fireplace with faith's brands,
For dark hours are fading fast;
Warm your heart and warm your hands
With bright memories of the past!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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Eight new letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson's have been discovered, and are published in the London *Sphere*. Among them is the last letter Dr. Johnson wrote with his own hand, six days before his death. It follows:

"Sir,—I was not sure that I read your figures right, and therefore must trouble you to set down in words how much of my pension I can call for now, and how much will be due to me at Christmas. I am, sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*"December 7, 1784."*

He did not live to see Christmas, nor write more of his admirable letters. These were gathered by George Birkbeck Hill into two volumes some time ago, and published by the Harpers. It will be recalled that Dr. Hill edited what is now regarded as the standard edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and collected all the other available Johnsoniana into two volumes of *Miscellanies*. The Harpers publish them all.

# THE PULPIT.

## The Calamities of Men—The Providence of God.

A SERMON SPOKEN BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1904.

I come to you as a fellow-mourner, a fellow-citizen, a brother with you, to talk a little about some of the lessons that come to us in this experience, which I have ventured to suggest is one of the "Calamities of Men, not the Providence of God."

In our own immediate fellowship we mourn the loss of three of our number. Miss Phoebe Fort, principal of the Myra Bradwell School, was for many years a willing and loyal teacher in our Sunday-school, and as Principal of that outlying district, she has left her impress most mightily for good, as I had occasion to realize when, last June, I stood with her in her commencement exercises and rejoiced with the parents over the abundant evidence of her rich life and her beneficent ministration. Miss Millie Crocker has, for nearly a quarter of a century, taught under the shadows of this church in the neighborhoring Oakland School. She was tutor and guide of nearly all of our children. My own children, with a host of others, rejoiced in her teaching. And the beautiful bud of promise, Miss Rosamond Parrish, has come to an untimely end in the full tide of college enthusiasm.

In this moment of intense feeling, this hour of agony, there is high need of clear thinking and deliberate reason. This is the time when the heart hath need of an informing head; when feeling should lean heavily upon judgment; when emotion must wait upon wisdom. Let us guard against confusion of thought. The calamity which has visited this community is of man and not of God. The community is convulsed, but the rhythm of the universe is undisturbed. Human lives have been violently cut short, homes have been broken, families have been shattered, but the calendar of nature is undisturbed; the planets keep on their way; night follows day and summer will follow winter. The economies of nature are undisturbed. Men, women and children fall out of our arms, are missed from our homes, but humanity continues. History moves on, undaunted and unbroken.

The first lesson, then, is that, however interpreted, this catastrophe is born out of the short-sightedness of finite man, not out of the far-reaching plans of the Infinite. Let no one hold God responsible for the weakness, ignorance, or cupidity of man, and let no one distrust that the human misrule will be overruled by the Divine Providence and that even this dire calamity will in its own way contribute to the enlarging and unfolding life of man. Fire is still man's friend, the unfailing accompaniment of all growth, safety and joy.

"God in history" is the revealing phrase of Baron Bunsen. This is made manifest in the mistakes and blunders of man as in his triumphs. "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him." "Out of our stony griefs Bethels" are raised. It is only in the dark that we see the stars. When the cage is shrouded some birds sing their clearest notes. Staggering under this load of agony visited upon us by the improvidence of man, there is high need of the staying sense of the providence of God.

I do not forget the agony that is too deep for tears, I do not mock the grief that has torn this community when I summon judgment, experience, and the prophecies of hope into court to testify to the providence that compensates this fearful aberration in the cycle of human life, this violent interruption in the order of society. Without palliating the wrong that lies back of the awful holocaust or forgetting the prolonged shadows that will carry their gloom far into the future, I hasten to seek evidences that this overruling order will assert itself, even in the disordered events of life.

Under the shadows of this cross the antagonisms of life are forgotten. We are ready to stand together in the shadows while we so vigilantly stand apart in the sunshine. The suspicions of society, the narrowness of sects, the bigotry of creeds, the boisterous contentions of factions and parties, of classes and cliques, are forgotten, and Chicago today rejoices in a Pentecostal moment that has unified its discordant elements and changed its antipathies into sympathies. Through pain we have found, in some degree, our oneness. Through shame we have come to a dim sense of our brotherhood.

The muffled cries of a dying multitude have put our lives into a truer perspective, readjusted our sense of values, underscored the things that are more excellent. The passion for possession has for the moment been consumed in the flames of a burning theater, and life itself, blistered and suffering life, stands priceless in its own beautiful reality. Even when the body has ceased to hold life and the charred casket has given up the animating spirit, still the smile that has fled, the kind word that was said, the brave deed that was done, the treasures of memory, stand out as realities of superlative importance, treasures of priceless value. These are the things that are more excellent. We may well rejoice that this calamity of man, under the providence of God, helps us readjust our scale of values.

And once more: This fire drives us upon one more of the sublime paradoxes of nature; that which proves the frailty of life and demonstrates upon what slender thread hang all our joys and hopes; that which has made the ghastly disclosure of the thin partition that ever marks the boundary of life and the uncertain line which separates us from the yawning darkness of the tomb, and throws us back upon the fundamental trusts of the human heart, the silent assurances of nature, the growing confidences of the human soul in the permanence of life, a sense of stability, even in the surging billows of life. The form rolls onward, changes every moment, and breaks into fragments upon the beach, but the substance rises and falls unchanged, its poise is undisturbed. And this prophetic leap of the soul born out of the desperation of the moment is confirmed by the slow inductions of history. In the catastrophes of time, the Eternal purpose and power have been convincingly revealed. In the downfall of Jerusalem, Israel was made cosmopolitan, and the gospel of a Galilean peasant was given its world-conquering opportunity. In the death of Greece Greek art became perennial, and in the overthrow of Rome Roman principles triumphed. In the wild holocaust of the French Revolution, liberty was refurnished, and, thus strengthened, it pre-empted new territories and moved forward to new victories.

But I should belie the providence I believe in and retard the overruling I pray for and trust in did I affect a serenity that might befit the close of this century, at this bitter moment that darkens its beginning.

Somebody has sinned, grossly sinned. There is blame, horrible blame; there is crime, lying back of these funeral processions, behind and beneath the charred bodies of nearly six hundred victims. But let no one be in haste to accuse another of the crime, and let no finite courts undertake to add to the terrible penalty already visited upon the culprit. Where the Divine administration has executed its awful sentence, civic tribunals may well waive their judgment.

Let me not be misunderstood. Without a doubt the known principles of architecture, the well-understood laws of combustion, the oft-demonstrated sequence of

cause and effect, the clear embodiment of common prudence and obvious common sense were defiantly set aside, were impudently though unconsciously defied in the Iroquois Theater last Wednesday afternoon. The guilt is clear; the testimony is abundant, and the punishment is inevitable; the sentence is already passed and the awful verdict has been executed. Who is the culprit? Here we come to the halting. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

It is unfair at this late date to hold stage-carpenter, electrician, fire-inspector, manager, architect, chief-of-police or mayor responsible after the act, when we were, all of us, the whole community, *particeps criminis* before the act. We have become an indulgent people, trusting to lucks and averages, unmindful of the unrelenting God, careless of his infallible book-keeping. We have gone on winking at, if not justifying, that laxity in the interest of our own laxity. How could we strenuously enforce the one ordinance concerning theater management while we have been so complacent in the violation of the hundred other ordinances in the realms of life which touch our own business and orbits? There has been but one adequate cause for these violated ordinances, and that has been the greed for profits, the eagerness for hasty wealth, the passion for dividends on invested capital. Every one of the violated ordinances, if enforced, costs money, hence they were excused. Every child sacrificed last Wednesday was sacrificed to dollars. On Wednesday morning we were deep in the passion for possessions. The flames of a burning theater burned that all away in the afternoon. This greed overruled the prudences, forgot the cautions, both before and behind the curtains, and lo! the horrible result. It was the love of money that omitted the known sateguards on and off the stage.

The remedy lies not so much in new ordinances as in a new spirit that will enforce the old ordinances; and this new spirit will come only through new values, a new emphasis on permanent things; a subordination of dollars to life; a civic recognition that the body is more than raiment and the spirit more than body. This laxity in theater management springs directly from the laxity of the ballot, and the laxity of the ballot springs from a complacent subordination of public weal to private pleasure and personal ease. In short, this calamity of the theater sprang directly from the indulgent life that crowded out the conservations of life.

If even at this terrible cost there comes into this community a simpler taste, the power of reserve and control, a more commanding supremacy of reason, an added sense of the sanctity of life, and a readiness to support the things that are more excellent, to subordinate the transient to the permanent, to habilitate the soul with finer tastes and more chastened enjoyments, even this horrible sacrifice will not have been in vain, and the overruling of Providence will be vindicated even in this unparalleled, man-made calamity.

We are all common sufferers because we were all common culprits. Let there be no attempt to shift the responsibilities that rest upon us all, on to the shoulders of a few individuals. This common crime can be expiated only by a common reformation. A civic sin has been expiated in a civic agony and calls for civic salvation.

But in conclusion, let us again confess our finiteness. We know that the unexpected will happen still. There are always elements of surprise, grim and glad, in store for us. So it becomes us, as rational children and devout worshipers of the God of reason, to live in familiar intimacy with death, for death is still a friend, and sudden death has its benignant phases. Better find courage in the knowledge of danger than lower ourselves into superficial complacency by blinding our eyes to the dangers that are ever near, the finiteness that is a part of our being. We must ever prepare to sell our lives dearly, but be ever ready to sell them, for the ethics of the battlefield are the only ethics that hold in all conditions of life and under all circumstances.

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Father, give us a new sense of the sanctities of life, that out of it may come a growing sense of the simplicity, sobriety and sincerity that befits the enlarging soul of man.

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## Causes of the Modern Transformation of Religious Thought.

### IV.

PHILOSOPHY—KANT, AND AFTER.

Given at Unity Church, Omaha, Dec. 27, by Rev. Newton Mann.

Only the man who refuses to recognize that religion is developing and constantly adapting itself to the other conditions of intellectual life, can ignore the fact that religious feeling is always deriving new incentives from scientific thought. It is through the agency of science, and primarily of that department of science known as philosophy, that the continuous process of transforming religious ideas takes place.—*Wilhelm Wundt.*

In different countries the relation of philosophy to the Church during the last two centuries presents some points of contrast. The same awakening of thought which in Catholic France abutted against the inflexible wall of Church authority, in Protestant lands met a less formidable because less centralized opposition; the right of private judgment asserted by the Reformers, and permitted by them where it suited their convenience, was an entering wedge opening up the way for further liberty of thinking; the very fact of the novelty of the ritual and the confession gave a certain elasticity to the Protestant order, with consequences of momentous import; and so what eventuated in France, in destructive criticism, furiously hostile to religion, in England and in Germany was at the same time shaping the postulates of philosophy with no such animus, and laying the basis for a unification of rational thought with fundamental religious ideas. Lessing had done much in this direction, as did Goethe and Schiller, bringing to the great problems involved, flashes of wonderful insight, the clairvoyant vision of the poet. But it was reserved for Kant, chief glory of German philosophy, by a vast synthesis to cover the whole ground, and build up a system of thought which, subject as it is to some correction, in its main essentials stands unshaken to the present day.

With Kant the great word was Ethics; he exalted above all other qualities the moral consciousness in man. The sense of duty was to him something high, mysterious, unconditioned, inspiring awe as do the infinite starry heavens; its mandate he called "the categorical imperative," the one authority superior to all other; and in sum it expresses itself to him in these terms: "Act only according to those maxims which thou canst at the same time wish to be general laws." This was his recasting of the Golden Rule with the egoistic reference left out. Explicitly, his idea was that the binding rule of one's action must be such as should be binding on all; that is, you and I, if we interpret our moral consciousness aright, will read out of it what must be valid for all rational creatures in similar case. This basis of moral judgment is part, and the crowning part, of the human constitution, the birthright of every man; it has not its origin in priestly authority or supernatural revelation; it does not proceed from any source external to the soul itself. It judges every action, every example to the very highest, every written law; and is itself to be judged by no man.

Words and deeds of prophets and apostles and sons of God come under its review.

Here was a declaration of independence for all men as sweeping as Rousseau's, and destined to prove vastly more fruitful. According to Kant there is only one single inherent right belonging to every human personality, and that is freedom; and to it he sets only one restriction, namely: no person is to carry his liberty so far as to interfere with the equal liberty of any other person. The great philosopher rejoiced in the attempts made to give political form to this principle in the American, and later with less success in the French, Revolution, and no democrat has ever set it forth with more vigor. He regarded the republican form of government as sure of ultimate general adoption, and declared that governments have no right to create orders of nobility. Never should a man be intimidated into bowing down before his fellow-dust. Before Channing Kant preached the dignity of human nature. Höffding thus summarizes him at this point: "As a person, man is of inestimable value. Humility before the law in his own breast commands him to hold his own in the presence of others, even were he confronted by an archangel. Humility toward others is no duty; on the contrary, it may become pharisaism or baseness, if by means of it favor or advantage is sought. Never, therefore, be any man's servant; let not your rights be trampled under foot; accept no benefits which you can do without. Bear yourself bravely, and shun unworthy complainings over suffering! Kneel to no one, for the ideal is within yourself, and that which appeals to you from without may be only an idol! Low bows and other excessive demonstrations of politeness only indicate man's propensity to toadyism. And if we act the worm we have no reason to complain when trodden under foot."

From morals, according to Kant, religion in modern experience is derived, whatever may be said of it historically. The moral sense is the one point where man touches the Infinite, the Unconditioned, and so through it we come to the exercise of feelings that have something infinite about them,—awe and reverence, dependence and submission, trust and obedience. Thus the whole warrant of the religious sentiments and the religious life rests, not on some historical record of questionable genuineness, some reported miraculous disclosures of long ago, but on the immediate revelation of God in the soul. He wanted to see a restatement of Christian dogma in terms reconcilable with modern thought, and himself undertook to do something in this way, took up the two doctrines of the Fall and the Atonement, and gave them such an interpretation as he conceived they must have to be any longer received by the critical. He treated them, both in their historical and credal forms, as symbolism only. The fall of Adam is a symbolical representation of what forever occurs in human experience, for man has his bad as well as his good tendencies. He would not be free unless he had the choice between good and evil, and choice would have no significance if he were so constituted as to be always sure of choosing the good. To slip and fall at times is the price he pays for the glory of being free. But there is a constant disposition toward the good, a reverence and love of the good, even though we fail in the practice of it. Observe now how Kant empties also the Incarnation and the Atonement of incredibility by turning the dogmatic statement of them into symbolism: The capacity of honoring the good, which is the better element of our nature, gives rise to the moral consciousness by which we discover in ourselves a possible heaven in contrast with a possible hell. There grows in our breasts an indwelling ideal of the good and the true, and this ideal which we have within us is the reality symbolized in the gospel story as the Son of God come down from heaven. The God-man in fact is simply the idea within us of perfected manhood. The warfare between Satan and Christ, taken out of the pictorial representation, is the familiar struggle of good with evil tendencies in the depths of human nature. While it goes on the God in us has to suffer for the deeds of our evil will; the new man who is to arise in us after this trial and crucifixion, suffers for the sins of the old man.

This interpretation of the Atonement, or something like it, has become quite common in the churches in the course of the century and more since it was first presented.

The great thinker was very much dissatisfied with the Protestant Reformation, which took one step in the direction of liberty and halted. Rome had withheld the Bible from the laity. After 250 years of Protestantism Kant told the Church: "You might as well forbid us to read the Bible as to say, 'Read your Bible diligently, but find at your peril anything in it different from what we have found there!' Indeed it were better to tell us at once what you have found, that we may be spared the trouble of reading." He chafed also under the Lutheran confession of faith, declaring it more burdensome than the external observances of Catholicism. Not even his dissolving symbolical interpretation sufficed to make that Confession other than a heavy load. "If this thing constitutes Christianity," said he, "the Founder of that religion has no right to say, 'My burden is light.'"

Such in brief is the attitude toward religion of the great master who, down to Darwin and Spencer, did most to shape the thinking of the nineteenth century, the early years of which saw the close of his long and laborious life. His greatest disciple, Fichte, vigorously carried on the development of his thought with modifications; and came even yet more decidedly into conflict with the church authorities in his application of philosophy to religion and life. He was a man of such staunch virtue that he could not live without seeking to do the utmost practical moral service in connection with his professorship; and so at Jena he gave practical lectures on ethics to the students on Sundays, for which he was furiously attacked by the theologians. They thought it a scandalous use of the Sabbath to be talking about morals! And when to this offense he added that of trying by stricter regulations to reform the lives of the students, putting some checks upon their disorderly conduct, the rollicking rascals joined hands with the preachers and actually drove him out of town. He was accused of atheism, as Spinoza had been before him, and for the same reason, because his idea of God was too large and too just for the comprehension of his opponents. The world, he insisted, was not made at a stroke, but the world as we see it is a moment in a process of continuous development. This is to be said of the moral as of the physical world-order, and we have no warrant for thinking of the Power by which this world-order is directed as an individual having any least resemblance to ourselves. No harm is done in ascribing personality to that Power so long as the purpose is merely to vivify the conception of it; but they who conceive God as a tyrant on whose favor future blessedness depends worship a phantom of their own imaginations, and ought to be called atheists. The infinite is not to be conceived or defined—not to be represented even in thought. Every attempt to do so results in setting up an idol.

But specifically religious discussions did not long occupy the mind of Fichte. He preferred to teach religion by the power of a great example, giving himself through all the years of his strenuous life to the building up of the moral order of the world, which to him constituted religion. His word and work re-

main among the potent forces of the modern transition.

Of all the philosophers who have wrought for religion since Spinoza, Schleiermacher did directly the most, for he, among minds of the highest class, is the one who gave the subject most attention. By nature and nurture distinctly religious, by choice of profession a preacher, by native endowment and rare culture a thinker of the first order, he brought to the work of his life the most admirable facilities, and performed it in the happiest way. From time immemorial religion had been treated as a matter of belief and ritual; one was a Christian because one held to certain opinions and worshiped in a certain way, and the boasted distinction of each sect over every other sect was some superior excellence of the creed or some better way of administering an ordinance or conducting a service. Schleiermacher declared this to be a monstrous misconception, that these matters, made so much of and quarreled over often so bitterly, are really only secondary, quite aside from the essential thing. Religion, he contended, is not belief, not a mode of worship; it is feeling, the right feeling toward God and man and the universe; it is the natural, fitting exercise of the devout sentiments. This was a startling statement eighty years ago, and it is yet in most quarters; but it is backed up overwhelmingly by the teachings of Jesus, and stands to reason remarkably well when we come to reflect on it. Time was when the world was turned upside down to establish the "five points of Calvinism"; brother turned against brother, father against son, husband against wife, for not standing on these "points," or for failure to stand squarely on some one of them. Belief in them was held essential to the health of the soul, a test of piety. But that contention was so egregiously false that it has perished utterly. Not one person now in forty thousand, as the world goes, can even tell what the famous five points are. Schleiermacher does not reject dogma, but he holds all dogmas as secondary; they have been every one the creation of feeling, and are of value only as they inspire feeling. Certain doctrines are distinctively religious; these are important and usually offer no difficulties to the believer—such as the doctrine of God, of moral obligation, of a universal brotherhood. Others are mythical and without influence upon character, and so are of the least consequence; while at the same time their acceptance involves the gravest logical difficulties—such are the doctrines of miracle, of holy books, of angels and demons. Two standpoints between which the whole religious world was divided he assailed with equal energy: (1) That according to which religion is a doctrine, either revealed or grounded in reason only, anyhow a doctrine to be believed; and (2) that which makes religion merely a means toward morality. It is neither the one nor the other, he says. "It consists in the immediate consciousness that everything finite exists in and through the infinite, everything temporal in and through the eternal." In believing this or that only the reason is involved, and it is coldly applied to something external; even moral action is in a measure formal, affects us superficially; but feeling, out of which all action springs, is intimately personal, reaches to the depths, is of the vaster movement in which the full individuality may unfold itself, while at the same time interpenetrated by the infinite. This accords well with the scriptural teaching that "God is love," and "love the fulfilling of the law," the whole duty of man.

The result of this indifference to dogma was to turn the orthodox away from this loveliest character of his time; but on him the effect was quite the contrary. "For my part," he says, "I learn in all quietness to feel myself one with many who think themselves very far from me, and this is a source of peculiar and life-refreshing power." This was but the natural result of his conception of what religion consists in, and all the thousands who have followed in his path have had the same experience. The general adoption of his view of the matter would once for all do away with theological enmities, the warring of sect with sect, and make possible the union in one body of all men of good will.

Among other German thinkers in the first half of the last century whose service was considerable in the development of religious thought, I need mention only Strauss and Feuerbach. Strauss did an incomparable service for biblical interpretation when, by propounding his mythical theory, he did away with the dire necessity of regarding the Bible stories either as veritable history or as inventions of designing men. By immense research and lucid statement he placed his theory of the growth of myths in the Hebrew and early Christian cycles of thought on unshakable foundations, amply accounting for the miraculous element in the scriptures and certain other peculiarities. That he made too sweeping an application of his theory is doubtless true, but the theory itself is sound, and one of the most valuable contributions ever made toward the right understanding of the Bible. Feuerbach attacked the problem of the origin of the currently received doctrines of Christianity, reaching the conclusion that they arose not out of any revelation from heaven, or from any set of incidents transpiring on earth, but from needs, or supposed needs, of the human soul; that if Jesus had never lived and died, the felt necessities of the religious nature would have developed essentially the same doctrines of incarnation, atonement, etc. This theory, less practical than that of Strauss, is worked out with great critical acumen, and is interesting as paving the way for what is known as the Religion of Humanity, springing from the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte.

When Comte had worked out his great system of philosophy, which founded upon science, upon the known facts of the outward world, and was passing through a nervous crisis incident to his prodigious labors, the heart in him was stirred to its depths by acquaintance with Madam Clotilde de Vaux, in whom he found a mind to take in his thought and a soul sympathetic with his own. After a year she died, and the philosopher's devotion sublimed into a worship of her as the embodiment of all that was best in humanity. He poured out his soul to her in devout meditations. Through these meditations he was led into the scheme of developing a new religion, as he had already developed a new philosophy, to be built up out of inward realities as that had been built on outward realities. Religion, he held, should be fashioned out of human instincts and human needs, and like philosophy in his system, restrict itself to the realm of things knowable. In metaphysical speculation he had no confidence. The infinite is unthinkable, the doctrine of a First Cause beyond our scope; a legitimate object of worship must be one that we can form some notion of. The highest of all known existences is man, and the highest in man is that which survives him, his virtues, the works of his mind and his heart. This best of the world, the surviving good and true and beautiful, Comte elevated into an abstract conception which he called the Great Being, and made it the object of worship in his system. It was an audacious scheme, this creating a new religion outright in the modern world, and it encountered the difficulty of instituting an order of piety among a class of thinkers really agnostic and distinctly prejudiced against all that sort of thing. Then the ritual which Comte elaborated, assuming for himself a high-priestly authority, does not escape the charge of copying the Catholic

where it is old, and of rank artificiality where it is new —Clotilde de Vaux taking the place of the Virgin Mary, and great scientific discoverers and philosophers superseding the saints in the Comtian calendar. A little grotesque, perhaps, but the effort was earnest, and has resulted in the formation of a number of religious societies in France, more in England, in Brazil; some few in the United States and in Sweden. It has been my pleasure to meet a number of the preachers of this religion, and I have found them invariably gentlemen of fine culture, large charity, and a wide outlook upon the world. If the "Religion of Humanity" is not sweeping over the world like some other new forms of faith, it counts among its adherents such men and women as Frederick Harrison, Richard Congreve, John Morley, Robinet (eminent physiologist), Littré, Prof. Beesly, Harriet Martineau and George Eliot, of whom any sect might be proud. Far beyond this particular organization the philosophy of Comte has influenced religious thought and is still influencing it.

John Stuart Mill was much stimulated by Comte, as was also Herbert Spencer. Mill, an almost ideal character, whose words of a great sincerity endear him to all lovers of truth and of noble English, could not but bring his philosophic spirit to bear upon some of the religious problems of the hour. No one who has read Mill can forget the indignation he manifests with such honor to his manhood where he deals with the contention of Hamilton and Mansel that the concept of God as the absolute, infinite, all-powerful, all-good Being must be adhered to even though he be found to do things which the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving disallows; that we must call him good and worship him all the same, for goodness in him may be a different quality from what it is in us. To this Mill says: "If in ascribing goodness to God I do not mean what I mean by goodness, if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which for aught I know may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate, what do I mean by calling it goodness? And what reason have I for venerating it? to assert in words what we do not think in meaning, is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. * * * If, instead of the glad tidings that there is a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sansction them; convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do; he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

This calls to mind Whittier's lines:

> "Not mine to look when cherubim
> And seraphs may not see,
> But nothing can be good in him
> Which evil is in me."

But some church people who seemed not to know what moral heroism is, or to have no respect for it, denounced Mill's words; and when he came to die an ecclesiastical organ editorially said: "His death is a loss to no one, for he was a crass infidel, however harmless he may have seemed, and a very dangerous person. The sooner those 'luminaries of thought' who hold the same views as his go where he has gone, the better it will be for the Church and the State." But as matter of fact, Mill was chary of what he said on religious subjects, reserving his utterance for the fullest consideration; only after his death did the world see the great part of his work in this field, and that mostly in a state of incompletion. One striking point will be recalled of his essay on Theism, involving the same question of the goodness of God. It seemed to Mill that if God is good he cannot be all-powerful, else things would not go just as they do; or, if he is all-powerful he cannot be good. His goodness, then, is to be affirmed at the expense of his omnipotence, which after all is perhaps asserted without reason. How do we know that God is omnipotent? Is not the whole appeal to be workers together with him in the furtherance of his ends a practical implication that he needs help—that he, too, is struggling, as we are, against difficulties?

Before yet Mill had finished his work arose the philosophy of Evolution, which has cut so great a figure in the world, and had so tremendous a bearing on religious problems, that I reserve it for a separate discourse. It remains now to touch lightly some later German conceptions of a somewhat more fanciful order.

With the exception of Lotze, who finished his work in 1881, and Wundt, who since Spencer's death is probably the foremost of living philosophers, the one thinker of most importance in this connection whose career stretches into the last quarter of the 19th century is Fechner, the famed founder of psycho-physics, or experimental psychology. Ere he was forty years old he so injured his eyes in laboratory work as to be obliged to spend the remaining forty-six years of his life mainly in seclusion. Thus what was a loss to physics became a gain to philosophy through enforced meditation and reflection. Following the trend of the later thought, Fechner had an impassioned desire for a unified conception of the world; he would not think of the mental and the material as two utterly contrasted existences, nor of God as a somewhat apart from both. "The material world is the outer, the spiritual world the inner side of Deity. The difference between them is apparent rather than real, and depends on the difference of standpoint taken by the spectator." Fechner illustrates the difference between them as the difference between the concave and the convex side of one and the same circle; he who stands within the circle sees the concave, he who stands without the convex side only, while he who is able to change his standpoint perhaps thinks he has two different things before him. They are really only different phases of the same thing. So he would have nothing of the theories which separate God from the world, spirit from nature. Life is found extending beyond all limits that ever have been set, and it is getting doubtful that there is any lifeless substance. The infinite is not opposed to the finite, above, beyond, apart from it; they do not lie outside one another. "On the contrary," says Fechner, "the finite is the content of the infinite; indeed no other relation between them can rationally be conceived except this—that the finite is the content of the infinite. The infinite, then, is not beyond our reach—rather it can be grasped at innumerable points of the finite; but it can never be comprehable points of the finite; but it can never be comprehended." God is in and through the world. Life, spirit, dips far deeper than we have suspected. Where does consciousness stop as we descend? Who shall say that it stops anywhere? That the whirling globe has not itself a soul, a consciousness? Perhaps the ancients were more nearly right than we have supposed

when they throned a god on every star. This interpretation of matter by spirit makes the infinite universe identical with the infinite God. Further, "since the life of the world is the life of God, this life cannot be contained within itself, but develops and unfolds itself with and by means of the development of the world. God's perfection does not consist in a ready-made completeness, but in unlimited progress. The question arose whether these are Christian views. "No," said Fechner, "if by that you mean belief in the bite of the apple in Paradise with its mystical consequences, the irretrievable condemnation of the non-elect, miracles which contradict the laws of nature, the apartness of God from his world, all the unedifying scaffolding which theologians generally build about Christianity—out of which, indeed, they construct it." The spirit of Wundt, Fechner's friend and successor in psycho-physics, may be inferred from the sentence set at the head of this discourse.

In this hasty review I have omitted mention of a number of great writers in philosophy, aside from those reserved for future consideration—some because they produced slight change in the religious situation, others because of their reversion to an old oriental pessimism. With the exception of two or three of these (and the evolutionists to be taken up in the next lecture), it will be observed that I have called over the very greatest names of thinkers in the last 150 years. Not one of them was orthodox. Every one of them suffered more or less for his liberalism. Kant, name that Germany proudly wears now next her heart, a man always reverent of high things, at the age of seventy was forbidden by royal mandate to speak on religious questions. When Fichte wrote his masterly essay, "On the Grounds of Our Belief in a Divine Government of the Universe," in which God is declared to be the moral order of the universe, the eternal law of right which is the foundation of all our being, the cry of atheism was raised, the *Philosophical Journal*, in which the essay appeared, was suppressed, all copies of it on which hands could be laid confiscated, and the author of it driven from his chair in the university. Schleiermacher, the soul of moderation, preacher, too, of the established church, at one time did not dare to use the mails lest his letters should be tampered with, and all his latter years was an object of theological suspicion and reproach. Strauss, with all his learning, was debarred from a professorship on account of his views on religion, which to-day the great body of thinkers have substantially accepted. Feuerbach also was refused a professorship, and spent his life in a struggle with poverty to pay for holding opinions in regard to a future life not in accord with those of the Government. Comte, greatest all-around master of science of his day, could get no chair of science, was refused a professorship of mathematics because of his opinions about things as far as possible removed from mathematics, and might have starved in Paris but for the generosity of John Stuart Mill, the historian Grote, and Harriet Martineau. So the others I have mentioned came in their turn under the lash of prejudice in the hands of the representatives of traditionalism. But through these men and their co-workers, and through other favoring influences which we have to consider, has come about the marvelous change of attitude of which we are witnesses. The better opinions of these masters have been largely accepted, and at all events persecution for opinion's sake has been ruled out of civilized society. The fathers have labored and suffered, and we are harvesting the fruit of their labors.

"Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of earth can shake."

## To Miss Beda Jonsson, Anent An Illuminated Text.*

(Miss Jonsson is a young woman of Omaha who preaches by the power of a great example. From early childhood, ravaged by tuberculosis of the bones, for which she has undergone terrible surgical operations, the last being amputation of a limb at the hip joint, she has suffered through all these years a living death. This she has borne with an heroic fortitude which is the marvel of all who know her, keeping in better heart than most of us who are free from pain. In the brief intervals of her torture she maintains wide acquaintance with the thought and events of the world from which she is practically excluded, and employs her artist hand to the delight of her friends.)

Dear Beda, you greet me at morning,
You greet me at noon and at night
From the wall of my study, adorning
The place with a marvelous light.

For I see with the eyes of the mystic
Who uttered the wonderful text
In the work of your fingers artistic
Your spirit still shining unvexed,—

Unvexed by the direst distresses
That even the martyrs have known;
And a bright face looks out thence and blesses
Me here at my labors alone.

And I ponder on all you have taught me
Of courage and patience and trust,—
On the proofs of a Soul you have brought me,
Enthroned in its temple of dust.

Oh, the saints at the stake are still burning!
Still the Christ on the cross is impaled!
And still to their help we are turning,
For theirs is the vision unveiled.

Dear Heart! you have borne the great burden
Of pain in a fashion so high
That yours is forever the guerdon
Of those who the Fates can defy!

I know not if God has his sorrows;
Some, it seems, are made like him by grief;
For all such are the heavenly morrows
When will come to the anguished relief.

O! will you, my suffering daughter,
When happy in heaven's high dome,
Will you—here led "a lamb to the slaughter"—
Remember me there in your home?

NEWTON MANN.

*New Year's Day, 1904.*

## The Unknown Flower.

There is a flower so delicate, so rare,
That weary travelers with hands laid bare,
And hungry eyes intense with mad desire,
Believe that they are blessed with Heaven's own grace,
If only they may find this flower's face.

It grows on mountain-top serene and still,
It seeks the quiet vale, or shady rill;
It lights the gloomy darkness of the wood;
The palace of the lord may be its dome,
More oft it finds the lowly peasant's home.

Its perfume dulls the fragrance of the rose,
Its beauty ever more transcendent grows,
Its petals breathe forth love to God and man.
And yet this wondrous flower each day renewed,
We call in homely phrase "Sweet Gratitude."

SARAH GERTRUDE HARRINGTON.

*I. John 3.1-3. "Behold, what manner of love," etc.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SERVICES A CITIZEN OWES TO HIS COUNTRY WHEN HE IS IN PUBLIC OFFICE.

**Dialogue.**

What if a man paid honest taxes regularly, always went to the polls and voted conscientiously, and stood ready to serve his country in time of war, would all this make him a good citizen?

"Yes, indeed," you assert. You think, do you, that there is nothing else one may have to do for one's country?

What if a man were to do all this, but were asked to hold an office, and said, "No, I have no time; I am busy about other things and must look after my own affairs." Would that be all right; would it be loyal to his country?

"Yes, because there might be plenty of others who would be willing to take the position." But do you believe that the most capable men, as a rule, would be willing to accept the office? "As to that," you tell me, "men are only too eager to get into office; why then should not a man be allowed to refuse, if he chooses?"

Why do men desire to get into office? You know that thousands, even hundreds of thousands, try to secure positions under the government. Is it because they are intensely anxious to be of service to their country, or to make sacrifices for their country's sake?

"Oh no." But why not? "To them it would seem all nonsense," you answer; "that is not what such men usually think about; they want to get an office under the government for the sake of the salary."

You mean to say that people desire to serve their country for the sake of a salary. "Not 'serving,' exactly," you hint. What is it then they are trying to do? "Why, they are trying to make money out of their country."

And how does that strike you? "Oh, one must earn a living," you reply. And it is just the same, do you think, whether a man earns his living by doing business with other citizens, or whether he tries to get it by holding office? "There may not be much difference, perhaps," you tell me.

How would it be in a family, for example, if in the case of two brothers, one cared only for the other in order to make money out of him? "It would not be very brotherly?"

Would you admire the spirit? "No, it would be rather ignoble." And why? "Because," you say, "they are brothers."

But it would be right, would it not, if they are grown up and at work in the world, for one to receive payment in money for a service? "Yes, but not with the idea of just using that brother as a means for getting money out of him."

How is it then with regard to one's country? "Well," you admit, "it is not exactly the highest motive for a citizen to want a position merely in order to get the money it pays, if it is a position under one's government." And why not? I insist. "Because it is one's state or one's country."

But suppose the salary were small; what if a man could not earn very much in that way, not nearly as much as he could earn in his private business, and yet seemed very anxious to get into office?

"Oh well," you continue, "there is the honor of it; people like to have important positions and be talked about; they like to have power."

Do you feel that these two motives, that of the salary and the desire to have power or be important, are the best motives a man could possibly have in taking office? "No, not exactly?"

What other motive could a man possibly have besides the honor or the salary? "Why, he might be anxious to be of service to the people, or do more for the sake of the country."

Now go back to our first question. Suppose a man were asked or urged to run for an office and did not want to do it because he did not care for the honor or the salary, what do you say as to whether it would be perfectly right for him to refuse?

"Oh, perhaps after all, if he can possibly do it, he ought to accept." But why? "Because there are so many inferior men in office, or men there with inferior motives, that if he did not want the office and yet accepted it, he would probably have good motives and make a better officer."

But do you assert that a man should never really think about the salary? If, for instance, a man gets an appointment as a policeman, or a woman gets an appointment as a teacher in the public schools, is it wrong for them to think about earning their living?

"No," you admit, "it certainly must be right for him or her to want to earn a living, and to try to get a good salary if possible." But do you assume that the *feeling* about the salary for the work should be just the same when laboring in one's private affairs as when holding a public position?

"Why," you tell me, "a man or woman who holds a public position is doing something more than just earning a living."

But what do you mean by that? What kind of a position are they holding? "Oh," you explain, "they are public servants." Yes, that is a beautiful term. Any one who holds an office under the city or the state or the nation, is a public servant.

And what do you mean by a public servant? "As to that," you point out, "it implies one who serves; one who tries to be of service or value to the public."

You are right that those who hold public offices should think not only of the salary or of earning their living, but should feel that they were also in that position in order to render a service to the people or to their country.

It is not the same thing after all as earning one's living. A person in that position *is not merely serving those whom he waits on, but he is serving the city or the country as a whole.*

By the way, I wonder if you have ever heard a well-known phrase or saying to this effect: "Public Office is a Public Trust." Can you guess what that means? Do you see any sense in it? "No," you hesitate, "we don't quite understand what that implies."

What do we understand by a trust? Suppose a person has something valuable and puts it in your care when he is going away somewhere, then he "entrusts" it to you, does he not? That thing is a trust in your care.

"Oh," you exclaim, "we begin to see something of what that saying means." Well, what is it? "Why, the position is something entrusted by one's fellow citizens to the man who holds the office, and he has to deal with that position as if it were something of value entrusted to his care."

But do you assume that all our officers act in that spirit? Do you fancy that our policemen or the men who take care of the cleaning of the streets, feel as if their positions were a public trust? "No," you confess, "from the way they sometimes do their work, we doubt it."

Do you think, by the way, that it is right for a man really to wish to hold office and frankly to admit it? "We do not see why he should not admit it, if he really wants it?"

But is it customary for people to say out boldly, I

wants this or that office? "As to that," you tell me, "they may really want it, and yet sometimes feel ashamed to own it."

And why should there be any such shame or reluctance? "Oh, it is human nature somehow in theory to assume that office ought to be a gift."

Yes, it is sometimes put in that way. We hear it said that the office ought to seek the man rather than the man the office. And do you agree with such a doctrine?

"Why, it might be a little more dignified and there would not be such a scramble for offices or public positions." And yet we described public office as a place for rendering service to one's country, did we not?

Should it then be undignified for a man to care to hold such a position? "No?" But why do you hesitate?

"Because so many people are scrambling for office, trying to get positions in any possible way, even cheating or telling lies for that purpose."

And are they doing this all with the idea of rendering a service to their state or to the people? "No indeed," you exclaim, "it is mainly because of service which they wish to render to themselves."

Suppose, however, it were the other way, and that people did come to feel that an office was a public trust where the interest should be supremely to serve one's country. "In that case," you assure me, "of course it would be right for a citizen to wish to hold office."

The trouble is nowadays, I judge from what you say, not from the desire to hold office, but from the faults or mistaken theories as to what an official position means or what purpose it is to serve.

So too, I ask, do you feel that it would be something to be ashamed of, that a man should desire the honor of an office? "Not necessarily?" I agree with you there. A man has a right to desire a position of honor, provided he is worthy of it and will faithfully perform the duties of that position.

By the way, in this connection, I should like to ask you as to whether women ever hold office? "Not very often?"

There are no women in Congress or as governors of the states, do you think? "No, not now at any rate?"

But are you so sure that women in large numbers do not hold public positions. For my part, I am inclined to think that there may be hundreds or thousands of women in this country in public office. "In what way?" you ask.

How about school teachers? Do you think they usually feel as if in their work they too were public servants, as officers of the government? "Not always?" Yet in a certain sense, they are officers of the town or city as much as a Mayor or a member of the City Council or a policeman.

And are there any women as school teachers? "Yes," you assert, "thousands and thousands of them." And who pays these school teachers?—private citizens, do you suppose?

"No, they are paid through a school committee or a school board." And where do these persons get the money with which to pay the teachers? "Oh, from the citizens, from the taxes."

Then the public school teacher receives pay from the taxes, just as the mayor or the governor or the President of the United States. "Yes?" Does this not show that women by the hundreds of thousands may be holding public positions in our land? Are they not officers of the state, as much as the President of the United States?

"They do not wear any uniform," you insist. No, but there are other public officers who do not wear uniforms. They are officers of the state just the same.

Do you think, on the other hand, that a person may be an officer under the state in some one particular line of work, and in no other respects? "How is that possible?" you ask me. Say, for instance, in the case of a clergyman. "But in our country," you tell me, "such persons are private citizens and no not draw their means of subsistence from taxation through the state or government."

True. And yet in a sense I think they are officers of the state. People may go to them when desiring to be married, may they not?

And what right have the clergymen to perform the marriage service? "Oh, they are authorized to do this by the law of the state," you reply.

Are there any other citizens allowed to perform the marriage service? "Yes, Judges or Justices of the Peace." And what are those Justices of the Peace or the Judges? "Why, they are officers of the state or government." And is it not true that the clergyman, in performing the marriage service, at least in that one case is acting as a public officer? "Yes," you answer, "it looks that way."

I wonder, too, if you ever heard of such a thing as a Notary, or Notary Public. What if you wish to have your signature witnessed to. Would it answer if you merely got another citizen to sign the document? "No," you answer, "if it is to be under oath."

And what must such a person do, then? "Why, he must go before a Notary." And after the oath is administered, what does the Notary put upon the document? "Some writing." And anything else? "Oh, yes, a stamp." True, that is the point.

And what is that the stamp of? "Why," you say, "it is the stamp of the government." That is the point I am considering. It is about the same as if the government were to say through its representative: I testify that this is the signature of such and such a man, according to the oath he has taken.

You see that stamp in the hands of a notary means a great deal. What would happen if any citizen were to borrow that stamp and use it as he pleased? "Why, the consequences might be serious," you assure me. "It would be like borrowing or stealing the signature of the government."

By the way, speaking of official positions, do you know whether salaries are higher or lower there than in private occupations? "It varies a good deal," you tell me. In what way?

"Why, for example, in certain kinds of work, the wages are often above what the same person would earn for a like amount of work as a private citizen."

But how is it with other officers, such as Judges in the Courts, members of the President's Cabinet, Mayors, or Judges in the Supreme Court of the United States? "We do not know in such cases."

Well, I can tell you that in comparison with what many men in such offices have been able to earn in private life, the salary is very small indeed. There are lawyers in the Supreme Court of the United States as Judges there, not receiving one-quarter of what they could earn in their private capacities as lawyers. This is true of some of the Mayors of the cities or Governors of the states.

And how do you explain this? "Why," you answer, "there may be an honest desire to give service to their country, even for a smaller compensation than what they have been earning as private citizens." Yes, I agree with you. There are more citizens than we may suppose, who really take office from this serious motive. They honestly desire to be in a position where they can serve their country.

But would there be any other motive, can you think? "Oh, yes," you answer, "there would be the honor." True, and that is an important point.

This explains why the compensation is often comparatively small for such important offices, because honor makes up for the relatively small salary. Among lawyers, for example, it is a great distinction to be

appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

And ought a man to be ashamed of desiring that honor? "No," you tell me, "we have already pointed out to the contrary. It is right for a man to wish to hold a position of honor if he is worthy of it and can render a service in that position."

Do you believe it is likely, by the way, that any of us will hold office some time? "Perhaps," you hesitate? Many of us? "No," you answer, "there are not offices enough to go around."

But how about the minor offices, I suggest, the positions we may hold temporarily? "Oh, yes," you answer, "a great many may occupy such positions."

Take it in elections, for example. Can the voting all be done with the assistance of a few persons on election day? "Why, no, it requires a great number of judges or separate individuals at the polling place."

Who does this work—the regular officers of the city or state? "No," you reply, "individuals who are appointed temporarily."

For that time, then, they are as much officers of the state as the Mayor or Governor, are they not? "Yes, indeed," you assure me.

You see, in one way or another, thousands of us may some time in the future hold some position under our government; we may be a teacher or principal of a school; we may be judge of elections; we may be on the police force, or on a school board, or on the town or city council. We may be a Notary Public, holding the seal of the government in our hands, or we may attain to higher positions.

And in this connection, I want to ask another special question. It may have been answered indirectly before. We will apply it to the case of a policeman. It happens sometimes, does it not, that a person becomes intoxicated? "Yes," you answer, "but it ought not to occur."

And how does a man look when he is in such a condition? "Why, he acts like a fool," you tell me; "he loses his dignity and he makes people ridicule or despise him." Yes, and how does he feel sometimes when he recovers from that experience? "Oh, he would probably be ashamed of it all, unless he has been guilty of it a good many times."

Now I ask you: Suppose a policeman when off duty, not wearing his uniform, simply as a private citizen, becomes intoxicated, does he make himself ridiculous, will he act like a fool and cause people to despise him? "Probably," you reply. And will it be a wrong act, something he ought to be ashamed of? "Surely."

What persons has he wronged? I ask. "Why, he will have done wrong to his family, his wife and children, if he has a family; he disgraces them and perhaps does them other injury." Anything else? "Oh, yes; he commits a wrong on himself and disgraces himself, and has reason to be ashamed on his own account."

Again I ask you: if now when he is in his uniform, wearing the star as an officer of the State, he becomes intoxicated; it is just the same, is it not? "No," you hesitate.

And why not? "Oh, he has committed another disgrace; he has brought shame not only on himself, but also upon his state or his government, because he is a representative of his government."

You think, do you, that in this case the crime has been even worse? "Yes, it would be a crime not only against his family and against himself, but against the state as a whole, because he would be in a position as an officer of the state."

You would imply, then, that a person holding a public office under the government has an additional responsibility in regard to his conduct? "Yes, while he is in office or holds that position as an officer, because he is a representative of the state."

Ought he then, under those conditions, to receive any worse punishment than if he became intoxicated as a private citizen? "Yes, because the crime would be greater. He had disgraced the honor of his state, and the government entrusted to his care."

Still another question I wish to ask you. Are all persons equally fitted for holding office? "No, indeed," you exclaim. But certainly individuals may be suited for one position rather than another, I add. "Yes?"

What if it should happen, however, that an individual holding office, realized that he was becoming unsuited to the position, incapable of fulfilling its duties? And yet suppose he needed the salary in order to provide himself with the means of subsistence. Do you think he should hold on to that office?

"It would hardly seem right," you hesitate. And why do you hesitate? "Because it may come pretty hard on him to give it up, if it is his only way of getting a living."

In that case, I insist, should he do so, it would be of small loss to the whole government. "True," you assert, "but if a great many persons were in that position, the loss would not be so slight."

And why would it be a loss? I ask. "Because it would cost more to the country; others would have to be employed in order to have the work done efficiently."

And who would pay for the extra cost? "Why, the citizens," you tell me. The rich citizens, you mean, those who have a great deal of property? "No," you continue, "all the citizens. It would come indirectly from everybody."

It might then so happen that even the very poorest citizen, who can barely get any living at all, would suffer and get even less of a living because this man in office is holding on to his position, while not capable of performing its duties. "It looks that way," you admit.

Yes, this is a point people do not often appreciate. Many a person is probably holding one or another public position, drawing wages or salary from the community of the state, and yet not really earning the compensation.

People let them stay there oftentimes through pity. But in the long run it may be the poor, the humble, who are the real sufferers, because it makes the expenses of the government greater, and also because the work is not efficiently done.

"True," you add, "but then the person does not want to starve." No, I answer; surely not, and it may be the duty of the state to see that the person does not starve. But if it is to be charity, then ought it not to be charity outright? In the other case, it makes a condition by which all the citizens suffer indirectly.

What would such a person be doing as regards the country as a whole? "Why, in reality, he would not be holding his position for the sake of the service he would render, but solely with the one thought, what he could make out of it." And would it be right?

"In principle, it would not be done in the true spirit of loyalty to the state or country to which one belongs," you assure me.

---

William Sharp's quatrain on his friend Walt Whitman, in the January *Harper's*, had an interesting and historical inspiration. In a private letter from London Mr. Sharp recounts that he visited Whitman during one of his later sojourns in America. As he was leaving, Whitman said to him:

"No, you needn't come to-morrow. Good-bye! Good-bye! I'm off to meet the sunrise."

A few hours later news reached Mr. Sharp that the poet was dead. The striking phrases had naturally lingered in his mind, and have now been appropriately recorded in the verse in *Harper's*.

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# THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

## Foreign Notes.

HOW SWISS CANTONS USE THEIR TITHES FROM THE LIQUOR MONOPOLY.—In Switzerland, as we know, the sale of alcoholic drinks is a government monopoly, one-tenth of whose receipts in the different cantons are, by a provision of the constitution made over to the cantonal authorities to be expended in "combatting alcoholism in its causes and in its effects."

The expenditure to be made of this new source of income for the cantons was at first puzzling and largely experimental, and the rather vague wording of the constitutional requirement regarding it has led to its use in many cantons for purposes not approved by the general government. The latest cantonal reports on this subject have been made the subject of searching criticism by a correspondent of *Le Signal de Genève.*

These reports class the objects to which the tithe has been applied under thirteen heads as follows:

I. Inebriate asylums and support of certain inmates.
II. Workhouses and reformatories.
III. Insane asylums, support of patients.
IV. Asylums for epileptics, deaf mutes and the blind.
V. General aid to the sick.
VI. Aid for poor, feeble-minded and abandoned children, and for youthful culprits.
VII. School kitchens and vacation colonies.
VIII. Improvement of the popular diet.
IX. Aid to transient laborers who are poor.
X. Aid to liberated convicts and individuals out of work.
XI. Development of popular education and professional instruction.
XII. General aid to the poor.
XIII. Encouragement of temperance and the combating of alcoholism in general.

These thirteen somewhat overlapping lines of effort the Federal Council condenses into three groups.

A. The struggle with the effects of drunkenness (I.-XII.).
B. That against the causes of intemperance (VII.-VIII.).
C. That against both causes and effects (VI.).

The total amount of the tithe for 1902 was 581,879 francs, but the Federal Council reports an expenditure of 725,258 francs, showing that certain cantons have expended more in this direction than was required of them. It is evident, however, that much of the expenditure has been for institutions and purposes which any well-regulated community today would support from its ordinary resources, while the unmistakable intention of the constitution was that this extraordinary fund should be expended in more direct efforts against the evils of intemperance and the promotion of new efforts in that direction.

From this point of view M. Hercod, in his criticism of the cantonal reports, thinks that rubric II.-V. should disappear altogether, since, though many of the inmates of these institutions are there as a result of intemperance, no one can seriously claim that reformatories, insane asylums or hospitals are distinctly working against intemperance. To do that it would be necessary to classify the inmates putting the intemperate in a class by themselves, with special treatment and keepers who were themselves abstinent, so practially transforming that ward of prison or hospital into a cure for inebriates. Instead of this, it is pointed out that many penal institutions make a practice of serving wine to the inmates on Sundays and holidays, or when any especially heavy task is required of them, thus promoting the idea that it is an essential of all festivity, and also a source of strength and energy. As for the insane asylums, a man crazed by drink may be discharged as cured, and by reason of new excesses be sent back again any number of times.

Rubric VI., care of neglected children, is the favorite in many cantons, but to make this expenditure of the tithe conform to the spirit and intent of the constitution something more is necessary than to teach these children a trade and provide them with homes. These children in so far as their condition is due to the intemperance of the parents, and 40 per cent of them are children of drunkards, need especial safeguarding and training to overcome any inherited tendency to inebriety. They need to receive thorough temperance instruction both by precept and example, and to be placed only in families who are abstainers.

VII., X. and XII., while all excellent in their way and works that should not be neglected, have too slight and indirect an effect in diminishing intemperance to be legitimate objects for the expenditure of this special fund.

Rubric XI., popular education, might be justifiable if it took the form of public libraries and reading-rooms, indirect means of diminishing the drink traffic, or better yet, some serious temperance instruction.

For I. and XIII., or the subsidy to inebriate asylumns and the general temperance work, were expended, in 1902, 41,693 and 52,331 francs, respectively, while the prisons and asylums received 226,239 francs and neglected children 236,440 francs. And even the small percentage devoted to the general cause was partially distributed to religious societies and women's organizations of no great significance from a temperance standpoint.

The notable indifference to the work of the distinctively temperance societies is severely criticised, since it is said that of all the institutions covered by I. and XIII. they accomplish the most and the most directly in the battle against intemperance. They have reformed thousands of drunkards, have published and distributed much effective temperance literature, have arranged for temperance lectures in even the smallest places. "If the amount of drunkenness in Switzerland remains stationary or, in certain localities, is even diminishing, it is due more to them than to the monopoly or other legislative enactments," says M. Hercod. "This the cantons ought to realize and put the tithe on alcohol more largely at their disposition."

M. E. H.

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